Joseph M. Freedman,

45 Goodman Building,

Memphis, Tenn.

February 6, 1919.
Thursday.

Darling Hardgrunch: —

Have just called for your letter (Tuesday's) and undelighted with the regularity of the mail of late. I am sorry, honey, that you can't enjoy to same pleasure. After lunch I find your letter — it comes in the second mail which is just at 12.30, when I am returning back to the dispensary.

Mean hunt, you hurt me when you say you are going to give me back my gift. Who you think I am an Indian giver? As I told you, that is a gift — your birthday gift — and that is the spirit in which you must accept it. Now don't hurt me by speaking of returning gifts which I mean send. Use it precious, with the best of luck.

I am very happy you made that $5. It is a little encouragement to see money — real money — no matter how little. I sure hope that nigger & his friends need your

your assistance soon. Is he the one that has a likeness for large words such as "submerge". Don't you remember telling me about it? No, dear, you have no kick coming.

I went up to see Mary last night. Gee! That baby! If you could see her now! All she does is laugh! She is so good now, that she plays on the bed, kicking and punching the air with all her might and going for all she is worth. But now, she is so dear, that you simply have to love her and play with her all the time. I did have some fun with her last night. I acted silly - and she would watch me - you'd think. She understood what you were doing, and then when you'd stop she'd have an appreciation for your efforts and so coax you to begin all over again. She sure is a dear; I wished you could have seen her. Ray + Mendel send their very best love to you and of course so does your wife + nephew.

Tell Mr. Lagan he will have to show me the splinter. I'm from Missouri. Besides, that is quite a different report from what he wrote in my letter. Of course it's a secret what he wrote about you — but — well I'll let you have it as a swap — "Last No!"

I am happy to know you are taking care of yourself and going out in the evenings. Fact, dear, I sure do miss you. That feeling of your arms about me is continually with me. Your lips are still aching for exercise - still dry and chapped. I can do nothing with them - and am afraid it means your lip salve.

Did you get the carpet and pictures yet? How does the office look now? Honey, dear, I wish the money would certainly begin to roll in, so I want to come home soon.

Has your remember that Californian Chap I once told you about? The one in the Navy, a medical student, who enlisted in California and came in the drug store to get ~~at~~ presence? He came in to-day. He is being discharged to-morrow. He came in with his wife. He was sorry to hear you were out of town as he wanted to meet you and came off to see us. I sure did envy her, having her hubby with her, and I told her so, too. He is going to complete his course here and then practice in N.Y.

Well, honey love, I can think of nothing more to write ~~except~~ I love you, yearn for you and want to be with you. Everything is as usual. I shall have to wait now another 24 hours unless I hear from you again. Oh! dear — I hope it won't last much longer.

With all my hug, kisses and love,

Your lonesome little wifie

Frances.